

DELL  
COMIC

SEP. 1934

ZANE GREY'S

10¢

**KING**

*of the* **ROYAL MOUNTED**



## THE GRIZZLY BEAR

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Most North American big game runs from man at first sight. Not so the famous grizzly bear. He is the only American animal, other than the jaguar, who will attack a man who has not molested him at all. The natural ferocity of this gigantic bear is perhaps ex-

plained by the fact that he is master of his natural range. No animal—buffalo, mountain lion or wolf can stand before him. Only man, with the aid of rifles and traps, can triumph over the grizzly, but the bear, perhaps, has not yet realized it.



Grizzlies formerly lived almost everywhere west of the Mississippi but they have long since been driven into the Rocky Mountains. Today, most of them live in the Canadian Rockies in Alberta and British Columbia. A grizzly is so named because of the long, coarse body fur between the point of the

shoulder and the hindquarters which twists and becomes matted in long rolls which are generally grey or "grizzly" in color. He is sometimes called "silvertip" because of the long white-tipped hairs that stick through his regular undercoat of dark fur.



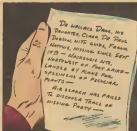
A grizzly's tracks are easy to recognize. First of all, they are very large. The claws show clearly because the bear, unlike the Alaska brown bear, his closest relative, puts much weight on his toes when he walks. The hind foot overlaps the front in his normal track.

ZANE GREY'S

# KING

OF THE  
ROYAL MOUNTED

MEHACE  
OF THE  
MOUNTAINS









FROM A PATCH OF WILLOWS, NOT FAR FROM THE LAKE, A FRIGHTENED INDIAN HAS BEEN STUDYING THE WHITE MAN'S TROOP FOR HOURS



UNWARE THAT HE IS WATCHED, KING HEADS FOR THE PASS WHICH LEADS TO THE HIGHER VALLEY



THINKING TO SPILT-SECOND ACTION, KING DIVES INTO THE SNOW, AS HE DRAWS HIS PISTOL



PLUNGED BY KING'S PISTOL BULLET, THE INDIAN'S RIFLE EXPLODES











THE SNOW MAY HAVE COVERED  
ALL SIGNS OF GAMES' LITTLE  
EXPEDITION... BUT THEY HAD TWO  
SMALL TEAMS IF THEY PUT  
THOSE UNDER A SNOW...



I SHOULD FIND SIGNS  
OF WOODCUTTING,  
AROUND THEIR FIRST  
CAMP



THERE'S CUT FIRE WOOD...  
AND, BY THE HORN! WAIT  
HERE, SADDLE!



THIS WAS CUT TWO WEEKS AGO!  
FENDERFOOT THICK... TO CUT  
MORE THAN THEY'D USE BEFORE  
MOVING CAMP



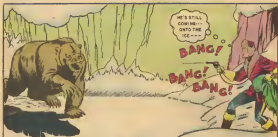
HAN! THERE'S  
SOMETHING... LOOKS  
LIKE A MAN'S BACKPACK  
JACKET!

FINDING THAT  
THE ICE WILL  
BEAR HIS  
WEIGHTS  
HURRIES  
ACROSS



FORM... AND BLOODSTAINED!  
AS IF A BEAR HAD MAULED  
THE OWNER...







YA-YARF!  
TUT TAT!  
YARF!

OH! HERE COMES  
THE HUNTER---  
A WHITE MAN!

WARRIED BY  
THE TAPPING  
OF HIS SLED  
DOGS, KING  
TURNS



HULLO, SERGEANT!  
I'M FRANK MATTHEWS!  
SORRY I'M SUCH A  
POOR SKEET!

WHY DID YOU  
SHOOT AT ALL,  
IF YOU SAW  
ME?



HE WAS ABOUT TO CHARGE  
YOU ANYWAY! VICIOUS BRUTE!  
SARE ONE THAT ALMOST  
KILLED OR DARE!

THIS TORN JACKET  
I FOUND---THIS  
IS ON DARE'S!



YEE! WE LEFT IT---THROWN AWAY  
---WHEN WE MOVED CAMP! BEAR  
MUST HAVE CARRIED IT OFF! POOR  
DARE WOULDN'T BE WEARING A JACKET  
FOR A GOOD MANY WEEKS

WHERE  
IS HE?



DARE! OH! WE'RE ALL  
CARPED UP AT THE  
FAR END OF THE  
VALLEY! COME  
ALONG, SERGEANT,  
AND I'LL TELL YOU  
WHAT HAPPENED!  
WE THOUGHT SOME-  
BODY WOULD COME  
LOOKING FOR US  
BEFORE NOW



WHAT HAPPENED WAS THIS --- WE MADE OUR FIRST  
NIGHT'S CAMP HERE --- PUT UP THE TWO TENTS,  
COOKED A MEAL, AND STILL HAD A BIT OF  
DAYLIGHT LEFT

WE WALKED OVER TO THE SLOPE WHERE I'D DISCOVERED THE STRANGE PLANTS---FOUND A FEW SPECIMENS---STARTED BACK TO CAMP. I WAS AHEAD OF THE OTHERS---ALMOST BUMPED INTO A BIG BEAR WHO HAD HIS HEAD IN MINE GANE'S TENT!



I STARTED BACKING UP, CALLING TO PAUL BOBBON TO GETA. OUR FROM THE OTHER TENT! INSTEAD OF PAUL, OF GANE CAME PLUNGING ---JUST AS THE BEAR TOOK OFF! THEY COLLIDED!



THE BEAR STARTED TO BASH HIM, OF COURSE! I GRABBED THE CAMP AXE AND JUMPED FOR HIM, YELLING! BEAR LOST HIS NERVE! I SWEAR WE WERE ALL YELLING AT HIM! ANYHOW, HE LEFT...



WE STARTED TO CARRY ON GANE OUT, THE NEXT DAY ---BUT INDIANS OPENED FIRE ON US, JUST BEYOND THE PASS! DROVE US BACK!



EASE UP, BROODOM! MATTHIAS---HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHY YOU WERE FIRED ON?

YES! THE NEKANNIES THINK THIS VALLEY IS THE HOME OF JU-EKES---BAD SPIRITS THAT CAN TAKE THE SHAPE OF A MAN OR A BEAR! I LEARNED THAT, PROSPECTING...

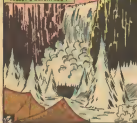


LATER, NEAR THE VALLEY'S UPPER END---





WHEN DAWN BREAKS THROUGH THE MISTS OF THE VALLEY'S WATERFALL.



YOU'LL RIDE COMFORTABLY ON THE DOG SLED, OR BARE? WE'LL TRAVEL SLOWLY... THE PLANE THAT'S RAISED FOR WILLIAMS!



DON'T SLOW UP FOR ME, SER BEANT! THE QUICKER I SEE THAT AIRPLANE, THE BETTER! THESE COCKEYED, SUPERSTITIOUS INDIANS---



SPARKING OF THE MCKANNES --- I'LL GO AHEAD AND SCOUT BEYOND THE PASS, SERBEANT! PAUL DOCKOR CAN FOLLOW ME--- TO MARK YOU IF HE HEARS SHOOTING. NEITHER OF US CAN DRIVE A SOFT TEAM! BUT YOURSELF, MATTHEW!



BY THE WAY, OLARA --- I'D LIKE YOU TO TAKE CARE OF THIS FOR ME! JUST IN CASE I SHOULD STOP A MCKANNIE BULLET---



DON'T TALK THAT WAY, FRANK! WHY SHOULD YOU---

GOLD BUBBLES? I HAVE A BUSHEL OF THEM STAKED AWAY! THE SLOPE WHERE I FOUND THE STRANGE PLANTS IS FILTY WITH GOLD! YOU CAN STAKE A CLAIM TO IT IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO ME---



FRANK! IT'S--- UNBELIEVABLE!





SO LONG! MEET  
YOU DOWN THE  
TRAIL, PAUL!



A LITTLE LATER, WHEN THE SLED IS LOADED---  
MUEL, BROOKER!  
BUT TAKE IT EASY---

AT KING'S WORD THE DOGS LEAN  
INTO THEIR COLLARS.



SERIOUSLY KID? I DON'T WANT PAUL---  
OR CORSEN---TO FOLLOW  
FRANK MATTHEW! I'M AFRAID!

AFRAID  
OF  
WHAT?



I DON'T JUST KNOW---MOMENT,  
PERHAPS! TOO MANY THINGS POINT  
THAT WAY! PAUL, DON'T WANT ME  
TO TELL YOU---BUT I MUST!

SO  
AHEAD  
THEM, MISS  
DANE!



I'VE KNOWN FRANK MATTHEW SINCE  
COLLEGE! HE'S BRILLIANT, ENERGETIC,  
RECKLESSLY AND COMPLETELY SELF-  
ISH! HE FRIGHTENED ME BY HIS MAD  
BOOTHISM---AND I BROKE OUR  
ENGAGEMENT! LATER, I BECAME  
ENGAGED TO PAUL.



I SEE! HOW  
OLD MATTHEW  
TAKE THAT!



HE DISAPPEARED! WENT PROSPECTING IN  
THE YUKON! LAST MONTH HE CAME BACK---  
WITH THOSE PLANT SPECIMENS! WE THINK NOW  
THAT THE PLANTS WERE SEEDS FROM SPECIES  
THAT NOW INHABIT THE HOT SPRINGS, NOT FAR  
FROM HERE.

BUT I BELIEVE THEY WERE JUST SENT TO BRING US HERE, WITH PAUL, SO THAT FRANK COULD GET PAUL OUT OF THE WAR! WHEN HE FOUGHT THE BEAR IN CAMP, HE CALLED- "PAUL, COME HERE!" ONLY IT WAS GAO WHO CAME!



THAT WASN'T THE STORY THAT MATTHIS TOLD ME? DO YOU THINK HE EXPECTED THE NEARNESS TO OPEN FIRE ON YOUR PARTY?"

YES! AND HE MADE SURE THAT PAUL WAS OUT IN FRONT WHEN THEY DID!



IN THAT CASE, DR. DOBSON--- I BELIEVE I WILL TAKE YOUR PLACE! LET ME PUT ON YOUR HAT AND YOUR JACKET! I'LL FOLLOW MATTHIS!

AND TAKE THE RISK FOR ME!



IT IS THE BUSINESS OF THE REGAL MOUNTED TO TAKE A GOOD MANY RISKS--- IN THE LINE OF DUTY! I INSIST ON TAKING THIS ONE, DR. DOBSON! YOUR JACKET, PLEASE!



YOU CAN MAKE THE SUB TEAM WITH A FEW SIMPLE COMMANDS, THAT I'LL TELL YOU! AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME!

I CAN'T HELP WORRYING! I KNOW FRANK MATTHIS, SERGEANT!



CLARA SAYS MAY BE RIGHT! CLARA A FEELING THAT MATTHIS DELIBERATELY SHOT TO KILL THAT BEAR YESTERDAY---HOPING TO BE RID OF ME IN A FATAL "ACCIDENT" BECAUSE I WAS IN HIS WAY!



"FOLLOWING MATTHIS" SHOWS TRAIL, LONG REVIEWS HIS IMPRESSIONS, AND FINDS THEM RATHER DELTONES!

--- AND WHY WOULD MAT THIS WANT ME OUT OF THE WAY UNLESS HE PLANNED TO GO AWAY WITH DORSON? IT WOULD FIT IN WITH HIS GOLD HUSSEY'S SPIEL... WHICH WAS MEANT TO IMPRESS CLARA?



LATER --- AS KING APPROACHED THE NARROW PASS LEADING OUT---



OH, OH! MATTHEW HAS BRANCHED OFF! IT LOOKS AS IF HE WERE HEADING FOR HIGH GROUND --- ABOVE THE PASS!

I'LL KEEP BOTH EYES PEELLED --- FOR POSSIBLY ANNUSH! AND IT'S NOT THE REKARKED WHO WORRY ME! MATTHEW COULD SHOOT ME AND BLAME IT ON THEM!



PART WAY THROUGH THE PASS ---

UMPH! I HAVE A FEELING --- IN THE BACK OF MY NECK --- THAT I'M BEING WATCHED! SHOULD HAVE TAKEN BROOMER ALONG.



HE DIDN'T REPLY... THINKS I'M DORSONING DOUNT? BUT I'D HAVE A GOOD DEAL TO KNOW WHAT HE'S UP TO...



THERE HE IS --- LOOKING DOWN AT ME!

HELLO, MATTHEW ---



MEANWHILE---UPON THE SHOULDER, WHERE THE  
SNOW CORNICE BEGINS TO JUT OUTWARD---

I'M BETTING THIS  
IS THE RIGHT SPOT  
FOR A SHOT TO  
TAKE EFFECT!



A WHIFFLED REPORT JAMS THE SNOW UNDER MATTHEW'S  
FEET AS HE SQUEEZES THE TRIGGER

WITH ANOTHER LOUDER REPORT, THE RUMBLE  
BALANCES MASS OF SNOW BREAKS AWAY  
AND LEANS OUTWARD



AWAAAAHHH!  
AND I'LL BE KILLED  
---CRUSHED---

BRR-R-ROARRR



---UNLESS  
I CAN MAKE  
THAT TREE!



WITH A DEAFENING THUNDER THE AVALANCHE  
OF SNOW PLUNGED DOWN--

THIS  
IS IT!

**FROARR!**

BURIED---TWENTY  
FEET UNDER? NO,  
NO, NO!

THIRTY FEET UNDER---BUT UNSHAKEN  
KING TAKES STOCK

GOOD! I'VE SOME  
AIR SPACE HERE! BUT  
CAN'T AFFORD TO BURN  
UP OXYGEN WITH A  
WATCH -- THE TREE  
SAVED ME!

I'LL START DIGGING--- AND CLIMBING---  
SLOWLY! WITH SHOVELS AND RIFLE  
SLING ON MY BACK? MAY HAVE TO GET  
THROUGH SOME BRANCHES. .

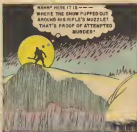
EIGHT  
HOURS  
LATER.

I MUST BE NEARLY--- TO  
THE TOP! SOME AIR  
TRAPPED IN THE SNOW--  
BUT I USE IT UP--  
FAST!

MOVING SLOWER TO CONSERVE  
HIS SCANTY AIR SUPPLY, KING  
FINDS HIS WAY UP THE TRUNK.

REALLY--

HOORAY!!  
HOW MANY HOURS  
HAVE I BEEN---  
BURIED?





LIKE A BLACK ERRAND OF DESTRUCTION,  
THE BRUTE BUSTS OUT OF THE TREES  
—SHORT YARDS BEHIND DORSON



DORSON LEAPS AHEAD—AS THE BULL-KNEES  
CRUMPLE, AND HIS ANTLERS HIT THE GROUND  
WITH A HALF-TON FORCE.













ABOVE THE THUNDER OF THE FALLS, NO OTHER SOUND CAN BE HEARD  
—BUT THE GIRL'S TERROR IS EVIDENT.



MATTHEW FIRST—THEN THE GIRL—  
DISAPPEAR INTO THE SHADY ARCH, ALONG  
THE NARROW LEDGE.



NO USE TO WAIT LONGER!  
I'LL HAVE TO TAKE THE  
RISK OF SURPRISING  
HIM—NOW!



A MOMENT LATER, OLGA'S DARE REAPPEARS ON  
UNSTEADY FEET—AS IF SHAKEN WITH HORROR.



AND THE HORROR FOLLOWS HER—MATTHEW,  
IN A DEATH CLINCH WITH A BEAR.



FOR AN INSTANT THEY GRAPPLE ON THE SLIPPERY LEDGE—  
THEN TOPPLE INTO THE CLOUD OF RISING SPRAY.

AS BLANK BARE, IN A DEAD PAINT, BEGGING TO CLIP OFF THE  
LEGGIE, HELP ARRIVES!

CATCH HER,  
BROOKUM!



POOR GIRL! THAT SIGHT WAS TOO MUCH  
--- AFTER WHAT SHE'S BEEN THROUGH!  
I'LL FIND A PLACE TO PUT HER DOWN



WATCH HER, BROOKUM! I'M  
GOING BACK FOR A LOOK  
UNDER THE WATERFALL!



CAUTIOUSLY  
HE ENTERS.

THERE'S MORE SPACE  
UNDER HERE THAN  
ONE WOULD SUSPECT



IT'S A CASE OF BORTS...  
AND THERE---  
THERE'S A CABIN!



THE BEAR WAS MORE--  
IN FRANK MATTHEW'S  
HIDE-OUT!



—MATTIE COULD HAVE STOOD HERE, OUT OF  
SIGHT, AND SHOT ME DOWN AT ANY RANGE IF HE  
COULD HAVE HELD THE PLACE AGAINST A WHOLE  
DETACH. OF POLICE!"

I'LL LEAVE EVERYTHING JUST AS IT IS! THE GOLD-GLASS GAME'S BY EVERY RIGHT— WHEN SHE WANTS TO SEND SOMEBODY AFTER IT!

SEE---DO---  
REALT' TO GIVEN  
UP HOPE---

ALL'S WELL NOW, MISS BARK!  
DO YOU FEEL ABLE TO WALK---  
DOWN TO THE LEVEL  
BOILING, WITH MY HELP?

SEE---DO---  
REALT' TO GIVEN  
UP HOPE---

ALL'S WELL NOW, MISS BARK!  
DO YOU FEEL ABLE TO WALK---  
DOWN TO THE LEVEL  
BOILING, WITH MY HELP?





THEN---I BELIEVE I'LL SPRAWL  
INTO MY SLEEPING BAG FOR A  
FEW HOURS. WE CAN ALL REST,  
AND START FOR OUTSIDE  
TOMORROW.



THE NEXT  
MORNING...

WE'LL HAVE GOOD WEATHER TODAY---  
AND A FLARE SHOULD BE LOOKING  
FOR US, EVEN IF THE RADIO IS DEAD  
BURN, BROADCAST!

TIP---!



BUT, KIDS--- NOW ABOUT THE HORNS  
WHO FIRED ON US BEFORE? DIDN'T  
THEY SEE DANGER---?

HOT  
MUCK, I  
THINK?



WE'LL PROBABLY BE WATCHED BY THE HEXAMEN---  
BUT ONE OF THEM, AT LEAST, WILL RECOGNIZE MY  
SCARLET JACKET. I BELIEVE! I MET HIM ON THE  
WAY IN, AND I THINK HE GOT A LOOK AT IT IN  
SPITE OF NOT WANTING TO.



THERE'S A  
STORY BEHIND  
THAT, ISN'T  
THERE,  
SERGEANT?

WELL, THE HEXAMEN WAS HURT,  
AND I PATCHED HIM UP. HE KEPT  
WHISPERING ABOUT IT FIRST---  
"THINKING I WAS A 'JU-EEEEE,'"  
A BAD SPIRIT! I LEFT HIM A  
GOOD RIFLE, TO PROVE I WASN'T  
GOD LUCK.



LATE THAT AFTERNOON...

THERE'S  
KIDNAP!







MAYBE RED JACKET IS  
REALLY A JU-EEEEE WHEN  
HE GETS US INTO HE,  
WILL CHANGE TO A  
BEAR AND EAT US!

WASH! MY BROTHER  
TALKS LIKE OLD SQUAW!  
RED JACKET MAKES  
TRACKS IN SNOW! JU-EEEEE,  
NO TRACKS! YOU COME!

HE GETS SALT---SOMETHING YOU  
PEE-ANES NEVER HAVE ENOUGH  
OF! AND SUGAR FLOUR DRIED  
PRUNES. POWDERED SOUP.



THERE TAKE IT ALONG---AND  
REMEMBER THAT ANY RED  
JACKET YOU SEE IS  
YOUR FRIEND!

WASH!

UHN!



AND HERE'S A BOX OF RIFLE  
CARTRIDGES--- TO GO WITH THE  
RIFLE I GAVE YOU! BUT DON'T  
GO SHOOTING AT BEARS WITH  
THEM---YOU MIGHT MISS!

UHN! WHERE  
YOU SHOOT  
JU-EEEEE, RED  
JACKET?



YOU BOTH JU-EEEEE VALLEY  
---YOU COME OUT GRAY!  
WHY YOU NOT 'FRAID?

MY SECRET! MY  
'MEDICINE'! NO MAN OF  
THE ROYAL MOUNTAINS---  
NO RED JACKET---IS  
EVER AFRAID!



POOR GRAY! IF THEY ONLY  
KNEW IT, SQUAW, THEIR REAL  
'JU-EEEEE'---THEIR REAL  
NEACE OF THE MOUNTAINS---  
--- IS FEAR!

